with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more) & theſe are of the ſecond edition; he wil print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two; I had rather be a Gianteſſe & lye vnder Mount *Pelion*. Well; I will finde you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ. Ford. Why this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words, what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ. Page. Nay I know not; it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty; Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall, for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Miſ. Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile be ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Miſ. Page. So will *I*, if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe. Let's be reueng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suite, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, *I* will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty; oh that my husband ſaw this Letter; it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ. Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too; hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight; Come hither.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires;
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poore, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the

Gally-

Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Piſtoll. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell.
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by nigh
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe ſi
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*.
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient; I will finde out this.

Nim. And this is true; I like not the humor of lying. haue wronged mee in ſome humors; I ſhould haue bo the humour'd Letter to her, but I haue a ſword, it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie, he loues your wife; Th the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*, I ſp and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*, and *Falſtoffe* lo your wife, adieu, I loue not the humour of bread & che adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow fri Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe*:

Page. I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well:

Page. I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the P o'th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow, well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſ. Page. Whither goe you (*George?*) harke you.

Miſ. Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou lancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home, goe.

Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy h
Now, will you goe, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ. Page. Haue with you, you'll come to dinner *Ge*
Looke who comes yonder; ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſe